## "LOVE-STORY MASTERPIECES."

"A Little Court of Yesterday"-Book Notes About Women-"Nature Portraits"—"The Red Anvil."

MORE MAGAZINES-BOOKS AND AUTHORS-COMMENT AND GOSSIP.

Complications in "The Confessions of a Wife"—General Wheeler and Miss Hallie Rives Sporting Authorship a Myth-Manteo, Lord of Roanoke-The Kinship of a Hog and Bacon.

by the Bell Book and Stationery Com-

pany, Richmond, Va.

The compilation under the caption given above is taken from the love stories of such master artists as Meredith, Mitchell, Stevenson and Holmes. The series as a selected whole form a quartette which must afford unqualified delight to lovers of good English and charming to lovers of good English and charming sentiment; unmixed in expression with the many new-fangled isms that mar its purity and spoil its tender conceits. Mr Meredith leads off in the book, two chapters from "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," being arranged as "An Idyl of First Love." To those who are familiar with Mr. Meredith, praise of what he has written is surely most unnecessary; for those who know him not, the reading of his "Idyl" will certainly prove a powerful incentive to a closer acquaintance.

One paragraph from it, descriptive of his and heroine, is reproduced here, it being so truly illustrative of the power of description which Mr. Meredith's pen The paragraph runs after this

"Perhaps love played his tune so well because their natures had unblunted edges, and were keen for bliss, confiding in it as natural food. To gentlemen and ladies, he fine-draws upon the viol, and ladies, he fine-draws upon the viol, ravishingly; or blows into the mellow bassoon; or rouses the heroic ardours of the trumpet; or it maybe, commands the whole orchestra for them. And they are pleased. He is still the cunning musician. They languish, and taste esctacy; but it is, however, sonorous, an earthly concert. For them the spheres move not to two notes. They have lost earthly concert. For them the spheres move not to two notes. They have lost, or forfeited and never known, the first super-sensual spring of the ripe senses into passion; when they carry the soul with them, and have the privileges of spirits to walk disembodied, boundlessly to feel, ampros.a let them eat, and Ambros.a let them cat, an drink the nectar; here sit a couple to whom love's simple bread and water is a finer feast."

The very mention of the name of Donald Mitchell, who follows next after Meredith in book-sequence authorship, recalls the thrill of delight always evoked by his "Dream-Life." Not to have read it argues a distinct failure in the imprevenient of one's opportunities and a great measure of enjoyment yet unful-filled. Mr. Mitchell is a fireside companion for cold days and dark days, as well as for days of brightness and sun-shine. A love-story which he tells will be sure to find its echo in the conscious ness of all for whom it is told for al-though he is unaffectedly simple, as well as graceful in style. Mr. Mitchell darws his observations and conclusions from life and clothes them in the ima-gery of a chaste and beautiful imaginan in their transmission.

The world has not yet finished its lamentation over the untimely end of such a genius as Robert Louis Stevenson "The Sire de Maletroit's Door," which is his contribution in the stories under discussion is full of the originality, the picturesqueness and the graphic delineation which are the special gifts of so versatile and brilliant an author.

His episode harks back to the romantic period of 1429. The scene is laid in France in the midst of the broils and tumuts of such a troublous time. The hero, Dennis de Baulien, spending the evening friend, finds himself half an hour past midnight in the alleys of the Chateau London, with his way to find back to an inn and no moon to light him on the route. His plight is the more inconvenient because he is a stranger in the village and is only there on safe conduct. The darkness perplexes him; he is pursued by a party of English men-at-arms, accident into the town house of the Sir de Maletroit whose door has been left open for the admission of another man. It closes instantly behind de Baulien and he finds himself a prisoner and altogether in the power of an inexorable old

man, the master of the mansion. sire de Maletroit tells de Baulien that his door has been designedly left open to entrap the lover of his niece, Blanche Maletroit. As this adventurer has not appeared he decides to accept the substitute sent by chance. The maiden and the priest are waiting in the chapel and de Baulten is told to take his choice between becoming the bridegreom of Madamoiselle the niece, or of meeting death at the hands of her uncle. The instant refusal of the young man is met by the wily shrewdness of the elder. The two together to make mutual explanations and for a respite that shall last for the man only until early dawn. The result justifies his knowledge of the human heart. It is life and a wedding, not death and separation, that comes with

the rising sun.

Oliver Wendall Holmes' masterpiece "The Autocrat and the Schoolmistrass" It is full of the genial philosophy which uniformly characterizes this most popular of American writers. Dr. Holmes' account of his courtship and his acceptance is especially apt as he who runs ay read below. The doctor says:
"We," that is the "Autocrat and School-

mistress," "were walking on Boston Common. The mall or boulevard of the Common, you know, has various branches leading from it in different directions. One of these runs downward from oppo site Joy street southward across the whole length of the Common to Boylston We called it the long path, and were fond of it.

were fond of it.
"I tried to speak twice without making
myself distinctly audible. At last I got
out the question—will you take the long
path with me? Certainly, said the
achoolmistress, with much pleasure.

"Think, I said, before you answer; if you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no The schoolmistress stepped back with a sudden movement, as if an arrow

had struck her.
"One of the long granite blocks used as seats was hard by—one which may still be seen close by the Gingko tree. Pray sit down, I said. No, no, she an-Pray sit down. I said. No, no, she answered, softly. I will walk the long path with you."

A. M. T.

Nature Portraits. Numerous Illus-trations. Text by the Editor of Coun-

try Life in America. Doubleday, Page Company, New York. Sold by

This is a portfolio containing fifteen large plates and many smaller illustrations from snap-shots made by the best "nature photographers." like A. Radcliffe subscription.

The nature portraits are printed on the best obtainable cream-tinted paper and embrace some of the finest half-tene and embrace some of the finest half-tone and photogravure work ever turned out. The printing is also of the best, in large type, well spaced. The explanatory text is also very readable and interesting.

A Little Court of Yesterday, By Minnie Reid French. The Abbey Press

New York, \$1.25. A Little Court of Yesterday is a novel the flieme of which relates to the pres-ent situation of the so-called "aristocra-cy" of old Virginia.

It abounds in humor, is written in an easy, flowing style, and is altogether a departure from the conventional Southern story. It can be clearly seen that Mrs. French, being of Virginia ancestry herself, inherits a sympathy for the broken idols and old traditions so dear to the Southern heart and often the smile but hides a tear. The story has for its set-ting an old historic mansion of colonial type, and running through the pages as an undercurrent there is a love-story which reaches its climax in the last chap The book is unusually dainty and at-

Minnie Reld French was born in Summere county, West Virginia, November 21, 1875. At sixteen she graduated from the Concord State Normal School, Ath-eng, W. Va., and was afterwards concected with that institution as teacher As Minnie Reid, she is known as a writer As Minnie Reid, she is known as a writer f magazine verse, sketches and short steries, her literary career covering a pe-riod of several years. On November 15, 1879, she became the wife of D. Edwin French, a prominent attorney of Key-W. Va., at which place she now

The Red Anvil. B. Charles Reginald Sher lock. Frederick Stokes and Company,

New, York, \$1.25.

The scene of "The Red Anvil, a Romance of Fifty Years Ago." by the aution of "Your Uncle Lew," is laid in a urral village of Central New York, a "station" on the "Uncle States". on" on the "Underground Railroad" and the story brings into action people on both sides of the slavery question. Mr. Sherlock illustrates, in the character of a picture-laker. Lyman Disbrow, how good men fell the rigor of those times. While touching American history at a period that is alive with literary possibilities, the author's main purpose is to

an absorbing story. In the parrative, Mr. Sherlock makes use of the "Underground Railroad." through the operations of which the abolitionists set at defiance the enforcement

of the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850.

In this book Mr. Sherlock shows a picture of the times he depicts, the colors he uses being the lives of the people who lived in them, among others a man and a maid whose hopes, for the time beng, went sadly awry in that day of the Nation's sore trial. The quick contrast of pathos and humor, the lively description hat centered attention on "Your Uncle Lew" will be found in Mr. Sherlock's

### SOME PAINTED IDEAS ABOUT DEAR WOMAN.

If all men were lovers there would be no "new woman" movement, no socio-logical studies of "woman in business." no ponderous analysis of "the industrial condition of women," in weighty journals, Still more than a man, a woman needs a home, though it be but the tiniest room.

A woman may be a mystery to a man and to herself but never to another wo-man. There is no concealment which is effectual when other feminine eyes are fixed upon one's small and harmless schemes.

Woman has three weapons, flattery, food and flirtation and only the last of these is ever denied her by time. W.h the first she appeals to man's conceit with the second to his heart, which is suspected to lie at the end of the oesophagus, rather than over among lungs and ribs, and with the third to the natural rivalry of his fellows.

There are three things man is destined never to solve-perpetual motion, the square of the circle, and the heart of a woman. Yet he may go a little way into the babvinth with the thread of love and find that the dim chambers are fragrant with precious things, for through the winding passages memory has strewn rue and lavender, love and longing, sweet spikenard and instinctive belief. Some day when the heart aches, she will brew content from these.

If Alexander had been a woman, he would not have sighed for more worlds to conquer; woman asks but one. If his world had been a clever woman he would have had no time for alein planets, because a man will never lose his interest in a woman while his conquest is in-complete.

Woman keeps alive the old ideals. King Arthur's Court is said to be a myth and Launcelot and Guenevere were only dreams, but the knightly spirit still lives in man's love for woman. Elaine still dies for love of Launcelot. Isolde urges Tristram to new proofs of devotion and Guenevere, the beautiful, still shares King Arthur's throne. For chivalry is not dead, it only sleeps and the nobleness and valor of that far-off time are ever at the service of her who has found her knight.

After the door of a woman's heart ha After the door of a woman's heart has once swung on its silent hinges, a man thinks he can prop it open with a brick and go away and leave it. A storm is apt to displace the brick, however, and there is a heavy spring on the door. Woe to the masculine finger that is in the

"The milk of human kindness" seldon The misk of numan kindness seldom produces cream, but there is only one way by which love may be won or kept. Perfection means a continual shifting of standards and must ever be unattainable, but the man or woman who is simply lovable will be wholly taken into others' hearts—faults and all.

A woman never really writes to the man she loves. She simply records her fleeting moods, her caprice, her tenderuess and her dreams. Because of this, she is often misunderstood. If the letter of to-day is different from that of 
yesterday, her lover in his heart at least 
accuses her of fice leness.

Whether a woman be gifted with the accident of beauty or not, she should have been moulded in the rose-red clay of love, before the breath of life made a moving mortal of her. Love is sparingly soluble in the words of men; therefore, they speak much of it, but one syllable of woman's speech can dissolve more of it than a man's heart can hold

Love Story, Masterpieces. Chosen by Ralph A. Lyons Published by William B. Lord, Evanston, Ind. For sale hards Bell Pook and Stationary Comgleanings are often the finest of wheat.

Nature is in earnest when she makes a woman and there are women enough lying in churchyards with very commonplace blue slate-stones at their head and feet for whom it was just as true that "ail sounds of life assumed one tone of love," as for Letitia Landon of whom Elizabeth Browning said it, but she could give words to her grief and they could not could give

### Books and Authors.

The plot continues to thicken in Mary Adams "Confessions of a Wife." In the August (Midsummer Holiday) number of the Century the husband's absence in South America contributes greatly to the domestic estrangement, and a new motive appears in the wife's attachment for Dr. Hazelton. The moral of this part of the story seems to be the same as that of the poem by Mary Adams published last winter in the Century—"Dare Not,

"The broken stair of love winds round your house I say.

If friendship set a ladder in its place, And climbing, lift to you a quiet face— Stay not, nor parley. Turn your own

Servant to him who hath shall joy on joy attend.
Who hath not, misseth ever all his own.
For this is graven, being law, on stone:
'Dare not, if desolate, to need a friend.'

It seems that "Fighting Joe" Wheeler is responsible for a most characteristic bit in Miss Rives' new novel, "Hearts Cour-

ageous.

They say that the auburn-haired Southern girl and the grizzled little veteran, who has been a long and close friend of hers, sat dining together at the Waldorf one evening a few months ago. The general was telling stories of the humorous side of the Cuban campaign.

"One of my colored hostlers," he said, "unwittingly got under fire on the day of the San Juan fight and I asked him how he liked it. 'Tain't de cannons an' sech what flustercates me.' he said. 'etdem dar zip-screechy critters dey calls dem dar zip-screechy critters dey cans Mousers, what goes eroun' hollerin' 'Whar-iz-iz-yo? Whar-iz-iz-yo' Dey neeid' be lookin' fer des yere chicken!'' And this is how "John the Baptist," the quaintly humorous character of "Hearts Courageous" was given one of his most quoted sayings.

The popular idea at the North that The popular idea at the North that there is a numerous class of Southern men that still lead a cavalier, devil-mesort of life such as may have been possible in the old plantation days is inclicated in the remarks of a Northern critic aprupos of "The Slege of the Lady Resolute," by Harris Dickson. "No one but a Southern man," said he, "could have written that book. It takes one of those Southern fellows, who rides to hounds Southern fellows, who rides to hounds and carries a gun for his political oppo-rents, and engages in neighborhood feuds and knows a lot about horse-racing and mixing juleps and making love—a thoroughbred Southerner, in fact-to write a book like that"

Of course, we have plenty of men who

Of course, we have plenty of men who "know a lot about racing horses, mixing juleps and making love," but they are as a rule, far from being "literary."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Dixon himself is a most prosalcally hard-working lawyer, who achieves his romances, for the most part, in the night hours, toiling as laboriously over them as, in the day-time, he toils over knotty cases at law. He lives in a beautiful old Southern manor-house, and is one of the best known of the younger men in the South, fond of sport, and a great fuverite. fond of sport, and a great favorite wherever he goes. He takes his writing simply as the recreation of a busy law-yer, but he works slavishly at it, and the time is bound to come when he will have to choose between law and ro-

Very few people know that England has created one American, and one only a peer. He was made "Lord of Roa-noke," and he was the Indian chief came about in this way, according to Harper's Encyclopaedia of United State History. When Sir Walter Raleigh, 1584, sent two ships to America, one the vessels was commanded by Arthur Barlow, the other by Philip Amidas. They had a most interesting and satispaedia, and were hospitably received by the Indians on Roanoke Island. their return to England they were ac-companied by the Indian chiefs Manted and Wanchese. Queen Elizabeth was charmed with the voyagers' account of the new, beautiful country and the be-havior of the natives, and probably from havior of the natives, and probably from motives of diplomacy created Manteo a peer of England.

In the "Apothegms" Bacon records how a culprit on trial before the philosopher's father, Sir Nicholas Bacon, craved mercy on account of kindred. "Prithee," said my lord judge, "how

comes that in?" "Why, if it please you, my lord, your name is Bacot, and mine Hog, and in all ages Hog and Bacon have been so near kindred that they are not to be

separated.' "Ah, but," replied Bacon, "you and I cannot be kindred, except you be hang-ed; for Hog is not Bacon until it be well hanged.'

#### More August Magazines. Southern Farm Magazine.-That South-

ern farm lands are cheap as compared with the value of Southern farm products is a fact which has already tracted southward thousands of thrifty farmers from other parts of the country. It is recognized by Capt. J. F. Merry, of Dubuque, Iowa, long-interested in bringing under remunerate cultivation a greater area of land in the South. His statement published in the August num-ber of the Southern Farm Magazine that the next great advance in the price of lands will be in South, and the facts set widespread attention, and will be influ ential in swelling the Southward tide of

Another suggestive and timely article bearing upon a question which is agi-tating the Southern mind is by Mr. Gerald McCarthy, biologist of the North tions from snap-shots made by the best "nature photographers," like A. Radeliffe Dugmore, W. E. Carlin, W. L. Brownell, & G. Wallihan, &c. They are a set of beautiful studies, with both pen and camera, of our wild birds, animals, fish and insects. The two or three pictures taken in the difference between a man's and a did McCarthy, biologist of the North Carolina Department of Agriculture, in which he makes a strong plea for useful ways in which they go about to dust a library. The man flaps around with a blunch of feathers, the woman works softly with a cloth. She does not raise half the dust but she goes into all the contends that taxpaying farmers should

demand that the educational fund shall be used to furnish practical and useful agricultural training to their children and the children of their laborers, instead of being wasted upon frivolities.

The Engineering Magazine opens with an editorial article on the common sens of the Isthmian Canal decision—a re-view of a remarkably consistent and view of a remarkably consistent and strong advocacy of the Panama reute as economically most advisable. The magazine has been a leader in the cam paign of education which has finally brought the public to a right understand-ing of the question. Mr. Redford fol-lows with a striking study of the declining value of gold, and the consequent gradual, but certain rise of prices for many commodities. This is pointed by Mr. Leigh's illustrated account of the African gold coast, and the really important deposits, possibly rivalling the Rand, which await development there. Other finely illustrated papers are by Mr. C. R. King, on European locomo-tives, and by Mr. W. W. Christie, on the

Success.—There are several really good fiction stories in the August Success, chief among them being "The Littlet Bear Who Grew," by Henry Wallace Phillips, the author of the popular "Red Saunders." It is a humorous tale with plenty of snap and plot. The editorials in this number are by Baron Elichi Shi-busawa, Edwin Markham, and Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis. It is a good number for mid-summer, and appeals alike to those who are away enjoying their vacanons and those who are staying a

economy of mechanical stoking.

Hs first ideal bust made in Florence was "Virginia," named after his State. Then followed "Psyche," the celebrated "Bacchante," "Sappho," &c., and a bust called "Hope." There are in existence five copies of the "Bacchante," one in Scotland, one in Richmond, one in Norfolk, one in the Corcoran Gallery, at Washington, and another in the possession of a diece of the sculptor in Lynchburg, Va. He returned to America in 1855, after his first sojourn in Florence, and remained a year in his native country. He received at this time an order from the State of Virginia for a statue of Thomas Jeffer Leslie's .- Robert Barr, Quiller-Couch E. F. Benson, Harriet Prescott Spofford Marion Hill, Onoto Watanna and Har-vey J. O'Higgins are some of the names first sojourn in Florence, and remained a year in his native country. He received at this time an order from the State of Virginia for a statue of Thomas Jeffer son, for the University of Virginia. This statue arrived in Virginia just as the Civil War was on the point of breaking out, and excited much attention and admiration despite the distractions of that unquiet period. The old friends and servants of "the Sago of Montecello" looked on with great emotion, exclaiming: "It on the title page of the August fiction number of Leslie's Monthly. The interesting plan of printing photographs of the authors in connection with these stories and giving a short account of their lives is one of the original features of this number.

Meehans' Monthly continues with great thoroughness its series of notes in rela-tion to rockerles and rock gardens. These gardens properly made are de Is Mr. Jefferson himself."
During his visit home in 1835, some of his work was on exhibition in Charleston. S. C., at a State fair, held there, and excited so much admiration that the city (or State) presented him with a solid silver pitcher as a testimonial of esteem. The State of South Carolina ordered from him a bust of Chief Justice Rutledge for the room of the Supreme Court at the Capitol at Washington, where it now is. lightfully natural in their effects, and the list of suitable plants in this issue will aid very much in their construction. Another feature of prominence are th newly planted trees and vines.

## Poems of the Day Found in Newspapers

The Coming Woman-A Query.

Fair woman, mirth provoking, In some features of life's right May go beyond mere joking In her struggle for a "right;"

May couple with mild vices That have heretofore held sway The costume that entices In a most surprising way. Then, scorning all tradition, Will she follow out this plan And claim full recognition As a man?

She's tried man's ties and courts And his hats now meet her views; She aims to earn her dollars By the methods he would use: And some of her espousers Do most earnestly assert

It's but a step to trousers From the bifurcated skirt. And when this fad she catches, Prithee tell me, if you can, Will woman scratch her matches Like a man?

She's wearied of the waiting And the captivating arts, receding human mation,

In the old-time game of hearts. When seeking for affection She would have her little say; She'd bring man to subjection In a more aggressive way. Her aim she's been disclosing— Will she pass along the fan, And do her own proposing

Like a man? —Brooklyn Eagle.

## Fifty Years Ago.

(A poem to the pioneers of the West) O day of youth, of love and truth, of labor in the mine,
O vanished days in Time's dim haze,—

O days of Forty-nine!
v feeling burns as memory turns to
those dear scenes of old, When, pick in hand, a fearless band, we roamed the West for gold!

From the solemn, snow-crowned Rockies. From the Colorado, leaping down its cactus-bordered way,

To the poppy-glowing valleys by the bay Saint Francis blessed, Every hill and dale bears witness of the men who "went out West."

o'er the thirsty, sun-parched desert toiled these stalwart men and true, Beaconed by the Star of Empire smiling downward from the blue,

Cold, but not dead; for each embodied Westward, westward, ever westward, till each hillside and ravine thought
Of his, which he from the Ideal brought Opened to them as the heavens opened to the Florentine.

Long years have fled; those days are dead; but still their wealth is ours; The golden grain on many a plain, the orchards and the bowers,

lowing herds, the bright-plumed birds, the homes of peaceful rest That crown the soil won by the toil of those who "went out West." -Robert Mackay, in the August "Suc-

New Version of Maud Muller. Maud Muller, on a summer day, kaked the meadow sweet with hay,

Beneath her straw hat, trimmed with A wealth of freckles could be seen.

Singing she raked, and her merry glee, Was like a song-bird's melody.

But when she glanced to the far-off White from its hill-slope, looking down.

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest And well-known longing filled her

The judge came prancing down the And spoke to Maud as he drew his

'I came, Miss Maud, to ask," said he 'If you will play ping-pong with me?"

He chiselled Lyrics with a touch so She looked at the rake, and she looked fine, With such a tender beauty of their own, at the hay, as she answered the judge in a hopeless That rarest songs broke out from every And verse was audible in voiceless

"Of all sad words, the saddest are His psyche, soft in beauty and in grace, Waits for her lover in the Western I can't play ping-pong whenever I And a swift smile irradiates her face, The judge regretted, and rode away,

continued rakin hay

Alas for the judge, alas for the maid, And the ping-pong game that was never -W. J. L. in New York Sun. ALEXANDER GALT, The Sculptor.

va about the year 1828.

Alexander Galt, and his wife (nee Mary

Sylvester Jeffery), was born in Norfolk,

He showed a talent for sculpture very

early carving beautiful cameos (many of

them portraits) in his youth. At an early

through Barbee also went to Florence

a little later to prosecute his art studies,

so in addition to the great wealth of far

past associations connected with Florence,

it also possesses for us the additional in-

terest of having been the spot where two

Hs first ideal bust made in Florence was

ls Mr. Jefferson himself."

Miss Emily Christian.

He returned to Florence in 1856, remain

Davis, and was the only sculptor Mr Davis sat for during the war. This bus

was broken, but Mr. Davis sat for another one, and the second bust was finished and cast. He also made sketches of Lee

His career, which had opened so bright-

ly and which promised still greater things

for the future, was brought to a sad and untimely close by his contracting small-pox which he did in Stonewall Jackson's

camp, whither he had gone to make a

Truly the Scriptural saying was verified in him. "His sun went down while

And who can estimate what potential

forms of beauty and grace floated in that gifted brain whose work on earth was so early terminated.

The things that he left in his studio

at the time of his death-many of them studies of great value—were carefully stored away, but most unfortunately, they were burned up in the fire in Rich-

mond at the conclusion of the war. Amid all the stored up tobacco and other material resources so unnecessarily con-

sumed in this destructive fire nothing

arouses a more poignant regret in the mind than the thought of the art treas-

ures sacrificed in the studio of Alexan

der Galt. All that escaped was a few

things that had been sent into the

country, as, for instance, and finished

head entitled "The Spirit of the South."

TO ALEXANDER GALT, THE SCULP-

Cold as the marble which his fingers

To live in stone.

Galt is not dead!

Only too soon We saw him climb

Up to his pedestad, where equal Time

And coming generations, in the noon Of his full reputation, yet shall stand

To pay just homage to his noble name.

Our Poet of the Quarries only sleeps.

steeps,
And now rests from his labors,

breath-

brutes-

petual things

saints.

He cleft his pathway up the future's

Hence 'tis I say: For him there is no death, Only the stopping of the pulse and

But simple breath is not the all in all: Man hath it but in common with the

Life is in action and in brave pursuits!

By what we dream, and having dreamt,

dare do, We hold our places in the world's large

And still have part in the affairs of

He dreamt and made his dreams per-

Fit for the rugged cell of penitential

As though she heard him whisper in the trees.

His passion-stricken Sappho seems

Before her none can ever feel alone,

Or sumptuous halls of kings, And showed himself a poet in

men When the long sleep is on us.

Assures him immortality of fame.

Alas! he's cold!

wrought-

and medallions of Jackson.

powers.

it was yet day."

This bust

# Southern Artists

That we forget she is but pallid stone;

Bacchante, with his vine-crowned hair. Leaps to the cymbal-measured dance With such a passion in her air-Upon her brow-upon her lipsage he was sent by his father to get his As thrills you to the finger-tips, art education in Florence, the art school And fascinates your glance.

art education in Florence, the art school there being then considered the best in These are, as 'twere, three of his Songs the world. I believe he was the first Virginia sculptor who went abroad to study The first full of the tenderness of love,

> wind's call; The second of love's tragedy and fall: Of festal music, on whose rise and Swift-footed dancers follow.

gifted young Virginians have received their instructions and culture in art. Galt Nobler than these sweet lyric dreams, took the highest honors in Florence for Dreamt out beside Italia's streams, his progress in his studies and after fin-

shing his course he opened his tudio in this city, remaining here five years. When the low pulses of his failing hear Admonished him of death.

> Wet with the purple and encrimsoned Of dreams, whose clouds had floated

It you would see his Epic studies, go-

the hall. And mark how careless voices hush and

brought presence of the noble type of thought on with great emotion, exclaiming: "It Embodied indopendence which he wrought

> View his Columbus: Hero grand and Scarred 'mid the battle's long-protracted brunt-

From stone of far Carrara.

Palos and Salvador stamped on his fromt With not a line about it, poor or weal A second Atlas, bearing on his brow A New World, just discovered

In addition to his ideal busts, Galt made many bust portraits, one of Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Stanard and Mrs. Joseph R. Ander-Go see Virginia's wise, majestic face With some faint shadow of her coming son, of Richmond, of Mrs. Gatewood and Mrs. Rhett and General Huges, of South Carolina, a bust of Governor Lethcher, of Writ on the broad, expansive, virgin

Governor Wise, and of General Philip St. George Cocke, of "Belmead," Va. He also made, while in Norfolk, about the time of the war, a bust of the beautiful Miss Of her imperial forehead, just as though Some disembodied Prophet-hand of eid The ptor's chisei in its touch has held. Mary Garnett and the celebrated beauty,

> Her crown and her great glory the many; but they are These of

ing there another five years, but when the alarm of war sounded in his native land, he returned to cast in his lot with his beloved mother State, Virginia. He The marble's snow bids back from him was on Governor Letcher's staff, and also did valuable service w.h.the Confederate engineers. He made a bust of Jefferson

And all her trag dy of love and woe is told us in the chilly marble's snow.

Speaking or moonrise, and the The third of shrill, mad laughter, and

He'd worked some Epic studies out, in part-To leave them incomplete his chiefest

o'er his brain Until it ached with glorles.

Go with the student from his dim ar Halt where the statesman standeth in

And all light talk to sudden pause is

Fores. owi owing her coming crown of

enough-Enough to show that I have rightly

decay. He sleepeth long; but sleeps not with the

ratory to making a bust and later a statue of him. This talented young sculptor passed away on the 19th of January, 1863, aged about thirty-five, dying before he had even reached the zenith of his

Of life been longer

He had surely done
Such noble things that he
Like to a soaring eagle would have been
At last—lost in the sun!

PAPER No. 3.

Mary Washington.

### A Problem in the Occult.

De Lawy mussy, marster! wher' de goodness is I at?
Wut's dis aroun' me? Chickens? Naw-

Suh, sholy can't be dat— Why, I's in bed! I hain't? Well, Marster John, dis is a sight:
Yo' ch.cken coop, an' me a-sleeping' yere
dis time er night!

Hit's des de stranges' thing wut ever wuz, hit is, suh, sho—
A-sleeph' 'mongst yo' chickens! Well! whoever year'd de likes afo'?
Fergitulneses—dat's wut it is I allue -dat's wut it is; I allus

wuz dat way; peas ter me I's gittin' wusser al-mos' ev'ry day. Arres' me? Lawdy, Marster, wut on earth you talkin' 'bout?

## A Woman.

You say that you are but a woman—you Who are so very wonderful to me. You tell me there is little you can do. Little indeed that all the world can see. There are no battles on the open plain That you can fight, as I, a man, can fight:

But who shall say your life is lived in vain If all my darkened days you have kept light?

Oh, little woman-heart be glad, be glad That you are what God made you! Well I know How you have nerved me when the day

was sad. And made me better-yea, and kept m Be very glad that you, in your white

Your little home, with folded hands, can be silent influence to whose source I trace. The little good there ever was in me.

To be a woman! Is there any more
That you have need to be from day te
day?
How wonderful to have your heart, your
store
Of purity and goodness, and to say,
"One that I love is nobler since I came;
One that loves me is better for ny
sake."

-Charles Hanson Towne in the Augus Woman's Home Companion.

### No Economy In It.

"I see you are economical," remarked the neighbor. "I thought I was," ruefully answered he householder.

the householder.

"I was referring to your porch chairs," explained the neighbor, "I saw you paint og them yourself the other day, and that was economy, wasn't it?"
"I thought it was,"
"Well, wasn't it?"

"Not exactly. I neglected to tell my wife I'd done, it, and the job cost me on new gown in addition to the paint."

The Cost of White House Business

He sleepeth long; but sleeps not with the dead

Who die, and are forgotten ere the clay. Heaped over them hath hardened in the sun.

This much of Galt, the Artisi Of the man
Fain would I speak, but in sad sooth I can
Ne'er find the words wherein to tell. How he was loved, or yet how well. All things of beauty were to him delight—
The sunset's clouds the turret rent apart—
The stars which glitter in the noon of night—
Spoke in one voice unto his mind and heart,

Aside from the President's salary and the expense of keeping the White House in repair, it costs the Government only about \$50,000 at 200 to 100 to 100 this amount \$50,000 is expended in the salaries of the thirty men on the Executive pay-roll. These rangs from the Secretary to the President's salary and the expense of keeping the White House in repair, it costs the Government only in repair, it costs the Government only about \$50,000 at 200 to 100 the salaries of the tinty men on the Executive pay-roll. These rangs from the Secretary to the President's salary and the expense of keeping the White House in repair, it costs the Government only in the salaries of the starblishment. Of this amount \$50,000 is expended in the salaries of the the stranger on the Executive pay-roll. These rangs from the Secretary to the president's salary and the expense of keeping the White House stables lishment. Of this amount \$50,000 is expended in the salaries of the the five the president's salary and the expense of keeping the White House stables in repair, it costs the Government only in costs. The president's salary and the expense of keeping the White House stables in repair, it costs the Government only in costs. The president will about the expense of keeping the White House stables in repair, it costs the Government only in costs. The source of the Audion in the expense of keeping the White House stables in repair, it costs the Government only in costs. The president will about the expense of keeping the White House stables in repair, it costs the Government only ab Aside from the President's salary and

# THOUSANDS OF WOMEN ENDORSE M<sup>™</sup>:A. Ruppert's Face Bleach

## Pimples, Freckles, Skin Diseases, etc.,. Disappear and Their Skins Improved.

Thousands of unsolicited testimonials are received each year from grateful women throughout the Casted States sounding the merits of Face Bleach. These letters are sufficient guarantee that Face Bleach gives entire satisfaction and removes in every case pimples, freckles, tan, are, eczema, sallowness, oiliness, blackheads, brown spots, moth patches, liver spots, muddiness, discolorations and skin diseases, and improves the com-For those who doubt the efficiency of Face Bleach or those who have tried other preparations and been deceived and grown discouraged. I publish herewith a number of these letters which ought to convince every one—even the most skeptical, the most dis-



June 15, 1902, DR. J. B. SILVER, 12 CAUSEWAY ST., BOSTON, MASS., CAUSEWAY ST., BOSTON, MASS. writes: I have recommended to my cus tomers your wonderful Face Bleach in the treatment of skin diseases and in the successful removal of all blotches and pimples. I daily receive the highest compliments of the efficacy of your Face Bleach.

June 21, 1902 MISS MADY. June 21, 1902, MISS MARY MOONEY, EBERVALE, PA., writes: I am using your Face Bleach, and my freckles are lading quite fast.

June 17, 1902, MRS. JOHN P. CASEY, OSSAWATOMIE, KAN., writes: I have used your Face Bleach, and my complexion is just as nice as it could be. June 23, 1902, MISS LIZZIE BERRY, 511 HANOVER ST., FREDERICKS-BURG, VA., writes: You Face Bleach has done my complexion very much good. I think by the time I use another bottle it will be almost perfect. My complexion was very oily and had blemishes.

June 19, 1902. GYPSY MAUD HOR-TON. LOCK BOX 85, WELLANDS-PORT, CANADA, writes: I am using your Face Bleach and have a most beauti-

May 20, 1902, MISS DORA HILDAHL, LISMORE, MINN., writes: Your Face Bleach has improved my complexion won-derfully. April 27, 1902, HELEN PROKES, BOX 133, SCHUYLER, NEB., writes: Your Face Bleach has done much to improve and remove the pimples and blackheads on my face.

my face.

May 14, 1902, MRS, C. M. BABB, LAU-RENS, S. C., writes: Your Face Bleach is fine. I have used it with your Soap and Balm and can see a great change in my complexion after only using about two-thirds of a bottle. I find it just as good as you represent it to be in every respect, and am satisfied you will get several orders from this place.

The Cohen Co., Sole Agents

June II, 1902, MRS, R. A. MACKELL,
FAYETTEVILLE, ARK., writes: The
Face Bleach is doing more good than anything I have ever used.

June S, 1902, MRS, C. W. BOWMAN,
PRAIRIE VIEW, KAN., writes: I have
never found anything that would do me
any good until I tried your Face Bleach,
May I, 1902, MYRTLE SHOEMAKER,
WILLIAMSPORT, PA., writes: Your
Face Bleach and Balm received all right
and my freckles are almost gone. I must
say your Face Bleach is grand. There is
nothing compared to it. I have used many
bleaches, but I haven't found any compared to it. I wouldn't be without it for
anything.

hleaches, but I haven't found any compared to it. I wouldn't be without it for anything.

May 26, 1902, MINNIE R. LEE, BED-FORD, PA., writes: I thank you so much for your kind attention to me. I am using your Face Bleach as directed, and am more than pleased with the results. I find it to be all you claim for it, and I think it is the most wonderful beautifier ever known for the complexion. Your soap is fine. I never had anything so nice. I shall have no other while I can get it. Both sister and myself are delighted with your Face Bleach and Soap, and also the Balm.

June 18, 1902. MISS EMILIE WITT-BOLD, COMFORT, TEX, writes: Have used the bottle of Face Bleach and I am very much pleased with the effect.

June 12, 1902. MRS, INO, D. SMITH, NEWTON FALLS, N. Y., writes: I have used your Face Bleach some, and think it a great thing.

June 23, 1902. MRS, MARY WILCOX, MT, JEWETT, PA, writes: I have been using your Face Bleach for some time. It has done wonders for me. I had a very oily and pimply skin; now my skin is smooth and not oily at all. The most I want another bottle for is to keep away the wrinkles.

May 21, 1902, TERESA BROOKS, 92 I ST., SOUTH BOSTON, MASS, writes: I like your Bleach very much. It has cleared my face and the freekles are gone.

June 17, 1902, MRS. R. A. MACKEY, FAYETTEVILLE, ARK, writes: The

Mme. A. Ruppert's Face Bleach is for sale at our store.